

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Will.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
Can circumvent or hinder or control  
The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
Gifts count for nothing, will alone is great:  
All things give way before it, soon or late.  
What obstacles can stay the mightier force  
Of the sea-giving river in its course,  
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each will-born soul must win what it deserves.  
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate  
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,  
Whose slightest action, or inaction, serves  
The one great aim.

Why, even Death stands still.  
ELLA WHEELER.

## The Pilgrim Fathers of the South Lake Shore.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE COLUMBIAN SOCIETY, OF VALPARAISO, IND., BY MAJOR H. M. SKINNER, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK., JULY 27TH, '80.

"Their bones are dust;  
Their good swords, rust.  
Their souls are with the Saints we trust."

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than this opportunity of meeting, to-night, my friends of the Columbian Society; and nothing could be esteemed a higher honor than this privilege of speaking, to-night, to those to whom I have listened, in former times, with so much interest and profit. And if my theme, being historical, seems to lack the interest which characterizes the discussion of more modern subjects, yet I trust it will not be held inappropriate, in this centennial year of discoveries and missions, to relate the deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers of the West: and under the shadow of the Cross, to pay my tribute to those who bore and planted that Cross in the wilderness, two centuries ago. No land is more illumi-

nated with the glories of its heroic age than is the ancient Pottawatomie land, the region of the South Lake Shore. How often has it been pressed by the feet of martyrs and messengers of God—the angels of earth! Their only crowns were sufferings and sorrows; their only wings were the sails and oars of their frail vessels, and their willing and untiring feet. But they were the *aggeloi*, the messengers of God and of the Church.

Picture to yourselves the land of Porter County as it lay two hundred years ago. The blue waves of Lake Michigan rolled to the shore. The snowy sand-hills lifted their proud heads in the sunlight. The sluggish Kankakee flowed sullenly on, winding among its gnarled oaks and its willows. Between these waters stretched this beautiful plain, reposing in dreamy solitude, the haunt of savage beasts and savage men. Here, then, the John Baptists came, braving every peril, overcoming every obstacle. While the English pilgrims and adventurers trembled with fear upon the Atlantic shore, nor dared to take a step which would separate them from the ocean,—long before the first European had ever crossed the Alleghanies,—the bold French, as though with hearts of lions and with eagles' wings, were roving, like restless spirits of the night, up and down the rivers of the West, a thousand miles to the inland. It was about two hundred and thirty years ago that the keel of the European first grated upon the shingle of the Lake Shore. The boat was drawn upon the sand. The cheerful light of the campfire shone over the beach, and for the first time the wild shore was hallowed by the voice of Christian prayer.

In 1672 came the Fathers Allouez and Dablon, venerable men who had left the scenes of European luxury to live over in America the simple and bold lives of the apostolic age. It was the following year, 1673, that our shore was visited by that one whose name is most revered of all—by him whose gentle life and whose devotion recall vividly the memory of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." I refer to Father Marquette. In company with Joliet, he paddled the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas. Very different were the two men: Joliet was scheming for the aggrandizement of France; the mind of the missionary was wholly occupied with his evangelical labors. Promising the red men of Kaskaskia that he would return again and tell them more about the Saviour, he returned north, up the Illinois, up the Kankakee, and through this region to the Lake Shore, whence he re-embarked for the old missionary post at Michilimacinac. And he was true to his promise, though the weight of years, and the pains of disease, seemed to forbid a continuation of his labors. Through the blinding storms of the winter of 1675, he went upon his journey. He paused at the site of Chicago, overcome by the agony of a racking pain. In the spring,

he rejoined his children of the lower Illinois, and built up in the wilderness that church at Kaskaskia, which still stands, and which will stand throughout the coming ages. But the night of death was closing upon him. He longed to see once more his old home, the mission of Michilimacinac; northward, with a few companions, hastened the dying missionary. But Father Marquette never reached his earthly destination. He came, as he had come before, up the Illinois, up the Kankakee, and through this region to the lake. Daily he landed, and knelt upon the shore at his devotions. And once those who, from a sense of delicacy, had remained at the boat, found that he did not return. And there they found him dead, in the attitude of prayer. He had not reached his earthly home, but he had reached his home in heaven.

A splendid expedition passed down the Kankakee, from the headwaters of the river, in 1679. Among the number was Father Hennepin, the explorer of Minnesota, and the writer of those marvellous books of travel which amused and interested Europe like the tales of the Arabian Nights. Among them was the Chevalier de Tonti, the first Governor of the Arkansas country. Among them also was the Sieur La Matte. But the master-spirit of all, the plumed knight of the expedition, was the man of iron, the heroic-spirited La Salle. Down to Peoria Lake he floated, and waited for the reinforcements, which never came;—waited amid sorrows and sufferings which would have crushed a soul less strong and heroic; waited amid mutiny, and dread, and apprehension, and final despair. There is something touching in the fact that he named his fort the Fort of the Heart-Break (*Creve-Cœur*). But his spirits rallied. He would return to Quebec for aid, and come back again to his companions. It was the year 1680—two hundred years ago. With but two companions, he set out upon his foot-march, 1,200 miles. Through Lake County and through Porter County passed the hero La Salle. He who had shone among the nobles of France, in the splendid court of Paris, passed through the wilderness of the South Lake Shore. I imagine him as he follows the old Sac trail; as he comes over from "Twenty-Mile Prairie"; as he pauses to bathe and to drink at the Tish-ka-tawk; as he sleeps by his fire, under the stars, on Morgan Prairie. This was two hundred years ago. Next year, he returned as he had gone, and eventually sailed down to the mouth of the great river, the Mississippi.

One week ago to-day, I had the pleasure of visiting our historic river, and of floating down its winding current. My thoughts went back to the old days, two centuries ago. I pictured to myself the band who had paddled down the stream. I saw the bold La Salle, with determination written upon every feature of his countenance. There was Hennepin, with his rolls of paper and his ink-horn. There was Tonti, sitting beside the leader, and consulting him; while others passed away the time with merriment and jest. There was La Matte, relating scenes of luxury and pride at Paris and at Rome; extolling the greatness of King Louis, and the beauty of the ladies of the court. There was Father Gabriel, with his crucifix and his beads. The river sweeps on to the sea, but *voyageurs* are gone. Ages ago their frames became silent dust, and their swords rusted away.

In 1712 came Cleardon to our shore,—Cleardon, quick to learn and to teach, skilled in the dialects of the natives, and burning with zeal and endeavor. The demon of the cup held powerful sway in the wild territory of the South

Shore. The English traders exchanged with the natives, for their furs, that which became to the tribes a withering curse. It was then that Clearevoix came—Clearevoix, whose name is linked with our lakes and rivers. Temperance, that quality which stands among the first of the Christian graces, found its apostle in that venerable Father, who came to our shores in 1721. Words of warning to the erring, words of cheer and hope to the fallen, are not new to this shore; they come down to us in the echoes of a hundred and sixty years. The noble work begun by Clearevoix, goes on and on. Its honor-roll of laborers is long and bright. And of those who have succeeded the early teachers, there is one whose name is known to-day from the Lake to the Ohio; whose voice and pen have appealed to the manhood of men, in words that are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. I need not say to whom I refer: you all know Father Michael O'Reilly.

A worthy successor to Father Marquette was Father Gabriel Marest, who succeeded to the pastorate at Kaskaskia. Like Luke, the "beloved physician," he visited and healed the sick. He watched over the suffering; he counselled the living; he comforted the dying. He was both strong and gentle; he attuned the minstrelsy of the forest to Gospel song. Like Caedmon, he paraphrased the Scriptures; and having no books in which to perpetuate his teachings, taught the Gospel in gentle songs, that the Indians learned and remembered when other teachings would have been forgotten. In their own tongue, they sang the praises of the Saviour. While paddling their canoes, while marching through the forest, while musing at their camp-fires, they sang the songs of Father Marest. Gabriel Marest came through the region of the South Lake Shore. He passed through the territory of Porter County, retracing the last journey of Marquette, to the mission at Michilimacinac.

Time would fail me to review the wanderings and labors of all the pilgrim Fathers of this shore. I have mentioned Marquette and Hennepin, Cleardon, Clearevoix and Marest; the list is long. There were also Periot and Berger, De Ville, Mermet, Gravier, Pinet, and Binneteau. Libraries could not recount their toils and hardships, disappointments and triumphs. Of some of these, we know only the names; but their work lives on, and never can die.

"Fading away, like the stars of the morning,  
Losing their light in the glorious sun;  
So they have passed away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what they have done."

Often have I been asked, "Why should we care for the history of the past? The work of the *voyageurs* belongs to another age. Let it lie buried in the tomb of years. Why should we, amid the vital issues of to-day, look back to the scenes of the long ago? Why pore over the musty books of old libraries? Why dim young eyes with studying the old? Why burden young hearts with the heart-burdens of those whom death released from labor centuries ago?" Ah! my friends, the history of the past hath its lessons, as the sea hath its pearls. It elevates the mind; it ennobles the heart; it quickens our perceptions of duty; it raises us from the dross of existence to the plane of a higher life.

The records of the South Lake Shore are not to be found in America. They moulder in fading ink and yellowed parchment in the vaults of Paris and Madrid, hidden away from the eyes of men; their historian will yet ap-

pear. As Motley searched through the State papers of Holland for the records of William the Silent, and John of Barneveld, so the future historian will find in the capitals of France and Spain the records of the South Lake Shore. Painted by gifted pens, the characters will stand forth, and breathe before us.

It is fitting that we cherish in lasting remembrance the great deeds of our nation's heroes—that the story of their lives be handed down to latest generations. As long as men shall speak, and as gifted pens shall write sublime thoughts, their names will be famed in song, and told in story. Men must feel that they are not alone—that they work not for themselves. They must hear the voices and see the hands of the coming millions, who call and beckon to them to do their duty. In all that we do for the good, the true and the beautiful, the great heart of humanity is with us. And so, in the seeming loneliness of La Salle; in that hour of despair, when he was fainting, and bleeding, and undone; deserted by the world of men, broken in frame and in spirit, he was not alone: God, and the angels and the saints were with him; and millions in the after-time were to go back in thought and heart to that lonely hour to keep him company. Like that unhappy empress, who has traced the path of the brave imperial prince through the wilderness, I should love to trace the footprints of my hero.

Martyr La Salle, thy deeds are not unknown! Thou lackest not the meed of appreciation and sympathy. Hadst thou left a Bethel of thy pillows of stone; hadst thou carved a memento in the rock, they would have been held sacred for thy sake forever more. And even now the soil whereon we stand is rendered sacred by the blood and sweat of the early heroes and martyrs.

But I must close. Too long, my friends, I fear, I have tried your patience. I should like to speak of that noble Bishop of Vincennes, Maurice de St. Palais, who, half a century ago, labored in Porter County, and who has lately gone to his reward. But I will no longer detain you. A word to the members of the Columbian Society: I thank you, kind friends, more than I can express for your invitation to be with you to-night. Long may the Columbians endure! Here's to her health, and to that of her sons!

#### A Frightful Cat-as-trophe

BY A PREP.

One night, while sleeping on my downy bed,  
Sweet dreams afloat through my youthful head,

I was suddenly recalled from my pleasant tour through the flowery land of Nod by hearing a dreadful caterwauling beneath my window. Jumping out of bed, I hastily raised my window to see what I could see, when, to my surprise, my half-closed optics descried two enormous representatives of the feline tribe, a gray and a white, intent upon hostilities. The gray seemed to court grim war in all its direful aspects; for his twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curves, with claws distended, and ears pressed against his head defiantly, plainly prognosticated impending strife. The white, with eyes agleam, and howling blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, crept along the curb with tail awag, triumphantly and fiercely eyeing his antagonist. The gray, with horrid growl and imprecations fiercely sound-

ing on the silent midnight air, like awful oaths in direst vengeance, hissed, started back, crooked his body like an inverted letter U, and stood in fierce expectancy.

As I had just returned from Phelan Hall, after hearing a distinguished lecturer from Gotham holding forth on the noble science of *catacoustics*, till he made it appear as clear as mud in my eyes, I was fully prepared to understand the following acrimonious diatribe between the enraged grimalkins, which entirely eclipsed the encounter between Dan O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty.

The gray hissed out: "Who are you, you miserable little catamount, lately hunted by British bayonets from the land of Cetawago, your cannibal Zulu king, where you had nothing to eat but nauseous, cathartic caterpillars? How dare you invade these historic sidewalks, where myself and my noble ancestors, who can trace our genealogy back o'er the famous Catskill Mountains, have kept faithful watch and ward over our kind refectorians, defending them from whole armies of noxious rats coming from the butcher-shop in search of whom they might devour?"

The white cat, with eyeballs glaring, ears aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, uttered a derisive and vindictive "Meow! right well do they reward you by letting you share the oyster suppers of the mutual admiration societies in the dining hall." But now the battle thickens as they approach each other with preparations dire, each cautiously trying to secure the vantage ground of the battle-field. Around they move like two dark clouds surcharged with electricity, whose imminent collision presages bloody ruin to somebody's mouse-trap. Around they go, with soaring tails and backs uplifted, while from their mouths drop brief but stern sentences of hate, in accents hissing with consuming rage. The circle narrows, each eye upon the foe intently bent, and rushing sideways to the fierce encounter, they uttered one hideous *meow!* and tackled to in one disastrous concatenation of mishaps.

High above the clarion notes of my snoring fellow-students rose the dreadful tumult of struggling cats. Their sparkling eyes, as seen by me from my safe perch in the dormitory window, and viewed through a dense mist of fur hanging over the battle-field, looked like bloody stars moving in orbs eccentric. Though the din of battle was incapable of disturbing the peaceful slumbers and happy dreams of my somnolent companions, it soon reached the vigilant ears of *Nep*, dozing under some door-step, and always on the *qui vive* for such a shindy. On he comes like a fierce tornado, his tail floating in the breeze, and hair erect as the quills of a porcupine. Seizing one of the combatants by the back of the neck, he quickly sent him to swell the number of his defunct ancestors in the Catskill Mountains. The shrewd rogue seemed fully aware of the folly of jumping too quickly at conclusions, as Sancho did the day before, when he jumped in an evil hour at the conclusion of the butcher's fierce pussy, and had to retreat ignominiously with a bloody nose and caudal appendage trailing in the gutter.

But talking of cats reminds me of a curious concatenation of catachetical events which happened in the city of Boston, in the year 1842, when nativism was fiercely rampant against foreigners. And it came to pass in those evil days that a jovial set of printers boarded in the same hotel where also dwelt two bitter nativist lawyers, the prime leaders of that evil society. Among the printers were a young Hollander and a youthful scion of the Green Isle,

who, though well versed in all the mysteries of their craft, were supposed to have the scent of the clover hanging round them still; and this was enough in the eyes of their wily confrères to make them the butt of many a troublesome joke. Our two greenhorns, being chaps of ready wit, soon devised a simple plan of completely turning the tables on their tormentors, as the sequel shows.

One day, at dinner, the Hollander addressed the punsters thus: "Gentlemen, though we are not posted in all your Yankee tricks, yet a European, when asked a plain, simple question, has always the common sense and honesty to answer yes or no; but a Yankee, never. He goes round and round, repeating the question after you, putting one in mind of a dog going round after his tail on a pile of shavings." The Yanks indignantly denied the bold assertion. "We will wager a treat of wine, cakes, and cigars for all at table on the truth of my assertion," said the shrewd Teuton, with a roguish wink at his partner.

The wager being eagerly accepted by the lawyers, and all having repaired to the sidewalk to determine the contested point, the witty son of Erin told them to point out any three Yankees coming up the sidewalk, two of whom failing to answer yes or no, the bet would be won by himself and his honorable companion. All the company declared nothing could be fairer, fully aware that whoever lost the bet, the treat was a sure thing. It so happened that Lawyer Jones, one of their fellow-boarders, was seen coming up the sidewalk from the court-house to his dinner. The astute Jones being pointed out to Pat as a man capable of bearing the *native* flag to certain victory, the latter advanced to meet him; but the tittering crowd at the hotel door seemed proof positive to him that a volcano was about to be sprung beneath his feet, or else he was going to be involved in the meshes of a vicious circle from which all his legal acumen would never be able to extricate him. Assuming his blandest smile, mixed with a quizzical air, Pat opened the farce by saying: "Lawyer Jones, I have the honor of being deputed by yonder crowd to ask you a very simple question, to which I hope you will have the condescension to give a decided answer." "All right, Mr. Murphy, what is the question?" "But then I fear you will be angry with me and never speak to me again, Mr. Jones, if I ask you." "Out with it, and fear nothing," said the excited limb of the law, more fearful than ever that he was on the point of getting into an ugly muss. Pretending to screw up all his courage, the other drawled out in timid accents: "Did you ever see a cat?" The latter, stepping backward, and fixing a look of indescribable contempt on his interlocutor, cried out: "A cat! a cat! Did I ever see a cat? If I never saw a cat, I'm sure I see a long-eared quadruped when I see you." Advancing towards the audience, where he expected to receive such sympathy as would heal his wounded dignity, he was astonished at beholding them all convulsed with laughter, in which he himself heartily joined on being informed how matters stood. Seeing his brother lawyer turning the corner, he pointed him out as the very next man he wished to see victimized. "That is no fit question to ask any gentleman," said the Yank. "Dat ish our affair," retorted the imperturbable Hollander.

The second limb of the law, when interrogated by the aforesaid incorrigible "Exile of Erin," bawled out: "A cat! a cat! Did I ever see a cat? What a ridiculous question to ask a gentleman on the street! The first constable I meet must convey you to an insane asylum, with orders to lay the cat-o'-nine-tails on your back three times a day for a week." As this decided the bet, the hilarity of the company knew no bounds. But his rage was increased the more by seeing his brother lawyer with his hands on his side to save his ribs, as number two approached ejaculating: "A cat! a cat! a cat!"

The company then repaired to the dining-hall, where they did ample justice to the wine and cigars, each asking each other: "Did you ever see a cat?" The two greenhorns were let live in peace ever after that. But the daily papers gave it such a wide circulation that "Did you ever see a cat?" became a household expression through the length and breadth of New England.

Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow.

### Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins will publish shortly a new novel, entitled "The Black Robe."

—"British Poland" is the satirical title of a history of Ireland which a prominent Home-Ruler has written.

—George H. Boughton is to paint for Henry Irving Ellen Terry as *Camma* in "The Cup." His Royal Academy pictures have Dutch subjects.

—The French Academy finds that "a deplorable weakness" is the chief characteristic of the poems submitted in its poetical competition, and for that reason it has decided to withhold the prizes and renew the subject "Eloge de Lamartine" for 1883.

—Paintings on canvas in imitation of tapestry are the rage at present in London. The canvas remains soft and pliable, is wet when the artist applies the colors, and is rather dyed than painted. Lady Warwick took a prize for a fire-screen, with monogram and flowers, and M. Grenié, a French professional, a silver medal for an exact imitation of Goblin's tapestry.

—A curious book has appeared in Paris. It is a history of the recent "Expulsion of the Religious Congregations," graphically told by three hundred different writers, who were, presumably, witnesses of the scenes that attended the expulsions in different parts of France. The Muc de Broglie has written a review of the political aspects of the question, which serves as an introduction.

—The French authorities have asked for a credit of 112,000 francs for the decoration of the Jeu de Paume, Versailles. It is proposed to place a statue of Bailly in the place of honor. There will also be twenty busts of the members of the Tiers-Etate who took part in the famous serment, including Mirabeau, Bossy d'Anglas, Sieyès, Petion de Villeneuve, Barnave, Tronchet, and others.

—Charles H. Miller's "The Water-Cart" is a Long Island scene, and is called one of the best that has been painted in this country. At one end of a wooden bridge which crosses a stream is a water-cart, whose barrel a man is filling. To the right, the road is lined with admirably painted oaks. Near by is a thatched cottage, and the clouded, rolling sky is cut by a rainbow. In the stream, on the left, are four cows, finely grouped, who in natural action look up to the cart.

—A large collection of paintings—460 in number—is now on exhibition by Mr. Hazeltine, of Philadelphia, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, and will be sold at auction next week. Some great names appear in the catalog, Corot, Dupre, Meissonier, Detaille, Jacque, Rousseau, Fortuny, Zeim, and others,—but the bulk of the collection is said to be made up of the works of obscure or unknown painters, who show all manner of pictures, good, bad, and indifferent. The Meissonier and Detaille are pencil and pen-and-ink sketches, the former very delicate and carefully studied, the latter by no means a good example of the artist, and of no value except as the name gives it interest.

—“Oh! you cannot conceive of anything like Liszt's playing of Beethoven!” exclaims Miss Amy Fay, the charming author of “Music Study in Germany.” “When he plays a sonata it is as if the composition rose from the dead, and stood transfigured before you. You ask yourself, 'Did I ever play that?' But it bores Liszt so dreadfully to hear the sonatas, that though I've heard him teach a good many, I haven't had the courage to bring him one. I suppose he is sick of the sound of them, or perhaps it is because he feels obliged to be conscientious in teaching Beethoven. When one of the young pianists brings Liszt a sonata, he puts on an expression of resignation, and generally begins a half protest, which he afterwards thinks better of. 'Well, go on,' he will say, and then he proceeds to be very strict. He always teaches Beethoven with notes, which shows how scrupulous he is about him; for, of course, he knows all the sonatas by heart. He has Bülow's edition, which he opens, and lays on the end of the grand piano-forte. Then, as he walks up and down he can stop and refer to it and point out passages, as they are being played, to the rest of the class. Bülow probably got many of his ideas from Liszt.”

## Scientific Notes.

—An ingenious method of perforating glass with the electric spark is described by M. Fages. The apparatus, in this case, consists of a rectangular plate of ebonite, its size, for a coil giving 12 ctm. sparks, about 18 ctm. by 12; also, a brass wire passing under the plate, and having its pointed end bent up and penetrating through the plate, not further—this wire being connected with one of the poles of the coil. A few drops of olive oil are placed on the ebonite plate, about the point and the piece of glass to be superposed, care being taken that no bubble of air be imprisoned. The olive oil perfectly accomplishes the object of insulating the wire, and it is then only necessary to bring down a wire from the outer pole of the coil, upon the piece of glass, above the point of the lower wire, and pass the spark; by displacing the glass laterally, for successive sparks, it is easy to make a close series of holes in a few seconds.

—We give the following extract from an exchange, for what it is worth:—Hard water has sometimes been thought unhealthy, and people have taken great pains to build cisterns, in their houses, where rain-water purified might be had for the table. But nature rarely makes mistakes, and spring water is almost uniformly hard. It is found, on careful and extensive inquiry, that hard water is more healthful than soft. The body needs some of the salts held in solution in hard water, and suffers if they are not supplied in some way. In England, the counties where hard water abounds are more healthy than those where soft water is used. It is the same in cities, where the mortality is least in the sections supplied with hard water. Contrary to the general impression, soft water acts on leaden pipes more powerfully than hard, and induces danger. Those who have built rain-water cisterns, thinking them more healthy than wells, will need to study the wiser methods of nature.

## Exchanges.

—The *Era* is nearly filled with the account of the much ado made by the Cornell students and alumni over the dismissal of Prof. Russel by the trustees. The reason of the dismissal is not given. The exchange department is the main attraction for outsiders this month.

—The *Amherst Student* might be as dull as a flax-beetle in other respects, but the sketch, "Answering a Personal," would more than redeem it. That sketch is simply immense, and "George" has our sympathy. Poor fellow! how sadly he was sold! But the *Student* is not dull in any respect. It is a breezy college paper, and we congratulate it upon having such contributors as "George." The story of his escapade is as interesting as that of "The New Professor" or O'Bryan's in *The Williams Athenaeum*. Try it again, "George," and let us know the upshot.

—*Missa in Honorem Purissimi B. Mariae V.*, by J. Sengenberger. With joy we hailed this composition, and in the perusal of it were convinced that it should be considered as one of the author's best works. Even the thought of dedicating it to the glorious Queen of Heaven must have inspired its author with sweet ideas. We especially refer to the last strain of the *Kyrie*, the *Qui tollis* in the *Gloria*, the *Incarnatus* in the *Credo*, and the conclusion of the *Hosanna* in the *Sanctus*, etc., etc. For these new and happy ideas we assure the author of our sincere admiration, and thanks for a copy of the Mass.

—Through the politeness of Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., Professor of the Natural Sciences at St. Laurent College, near Montreal, we have been favored with a copy of *The Collegian*, a monthly periodical in manuscript, written for and edited by the students of that college. *The Collegian*, if this copy is a criterion of its regular issues, is one of the ablest college periodicals we have seen, and it is a pity that it is not printed. It does honor to the college and the students. Among the best contributions to its pages are those signed respectively by Messrs. Kelly and Kenny, the former of whom has written some beautiful sonnets.

We hope the students of St. Laurent will make up their mind to print the paper and favor the SCHOLASTIC with a copy in exchange.

—The Racine *College Mercury* is rather loud and cutting in its complaint about the shortening of the long vacation at Racine, nine weeks being now given instead of ten. We have but nine weeks here, although most of the boys manage to come late and make it ten, thus whipping the devil around the stump. "N. E. D." gives some pertinent remarks on the benefits of "The Elective System," and we are disposed to side with him. Under existing circumstances, a cut-and-dried curriculum is hardly the best; if students could afford, or be induced to take a post-graduate course it would do very well, in fact might be the best; but as few can, or will, take a post-graduate course, we think the elective system would give more general satisfaction, if not better results.

—*The Harp*, a neat double-column monthly magazine of fifty pages, published by John Gillies, Montreal, Canada (subscription \$1 a year), is a regular visitor, and a welcome one too. It is chiefly eclectic, but contains original articles in prose and verse. "The Orphans, Or, The Heir of Longworth," is an entertaining serial story, which in the present number has reached its XXth Chapter. "A Legend of the Earl of Tyrone," another serial story, draws to a conclusion. Joseph K. Foran, a regular contributor, gives a brief sketch of Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians" and other interesting stories, as well as a poet of some distinction; there is also a poem from the same writer's pen, entitled "Musings." Mr. Foran's articles are pleasant reading. The illustrations are, a portrait of the late Mgr. Cazeau and a picture of Kilkenny Castle. Several minor articles and notes complete this interesting number of the magazine. In the "Fireside Sparks" the editor asks "What is worse than smut in wheat?" and answers, "Smut in a newspaper." Very true, and the lightest punishment that can be inflicted on such newspapers is to boycott them.

—The Whitby girls have had their curiosity excited about the Ishmael of *The Niagara Index*; they wish to get a glimpse of him and see what he looks like. The last issue of *The Sunbeam* has the following:

"We would feel obliged if some one would tell us from what corner of the world that literary tiger, the 'Index man,' gives vent to the snarls and growls that seem to wither so many of our exchanges. We would like to get his fire and brimstone direct, though doubtless if he did condescend to exchange, he would annihilate us with one dose, as the 'Varsity' did awhile ago. We used to feel the same awe for the exchange editor of the *Scholastic*, until we made his acquaintance, and then we found him so agreeable, and withal so skilful in the management of his department, that we speedily forgot our fear."

Bestir thyself, *Index*, and get thee off, poste-haste, to the Ladies' College at Whitby, Ontario. Many a one would envy thee for getting such an invitation. If he lags, ladies, or stubbornly refuses to go, send a committee to the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. We hope the winning ways of the committee will succeed in weaning the *Index* man from the asperity of his ways and put an angel's smile and an angel's wings upon him.

—The Monmouth *College Courier* for April is one of the best numbers of that paper we have seen. The outgoing editorial board, whose term expires with the present number, have evidently made a vigorous effort to get out a number that would do them great credit, and they in a measure succeeded. Several members of the old board are retained on the incoming one. "Haste in Literary Composition" is not only well written—it contains gems of thought as well. The writer says truly that "Clearness in thought is absolutely essential to clearness in expression. One cannot communicate to another a clear idea of anything of which his own mind contains only an obscure, indefinite image." "The Aristocracy of the Intellect," by Belle Chesher, is a prize-essay, and not unworthy a prize; but the article by excellence is Miss Dora M. Boyd's prize-essay, "The English in Ireland." Miss Boyd possesses a warm and sympathetic heart, and her facile pen admirably expresses its feelings; her essay does credit to herself and her college. The exchange editor pays us his compliments in a rather uncomplimentary manner, but we

don't mind this in the least. We suppose he is a good fellow, over-zealous in decrying a religious system that he has been taught to consider wicked, but of which he knows nothing—positively nothing. We think he has never read a book from a first-class Catholic author explaining what the Catholic religion is, and knows no more about it than we do of Utopia. Catholicism is a *Terra Incognita* to him; he has only a vague idea that Catholics are a semi-barbarous sort of people, very ignorant, very superstitious, sunk in idolatry, and all very unprogressive. It does not strike him as incongruous with such characteristics that Catholics in the United States to-day possess the ablest magazine in this country, and also by far the handsomest and most scholarly Review, and that the *Dublin Review*, a Catholic periodical, equals in merit anything of its kind in the English language; neither does he seem to give any thought to the fact that some of the ablest, best, and most scholarly men living to-day are members of the Catholic faith; that Cardinal Newman is acknowledged to be the best English scholar living, and that Cardinal Wiseman, before him, was, as a scholar, head and shoulders over any man in Great Britain or the U. S.; he forgets that Catholics gave us *Magna Charta*, trial by jury, several signers to the Declaration of Independence, generals to lead our armies, and a Chief Justice to the U. S. Supreme Court; that we give an editor to *Punch*, a Viceroy to India, and several members to the British Cabinet and peerage; that in this country Bishop Ives, Archbishop Bayley, President James Kent Stone, of Kenyon, and more than a hundred Protestant of like stamp,—men of eminent scholarship and ability,—became Catholics, and fervent Catholics; that it was a Catholic that discovered America, and an exemplary Catholic priest that gave his name to the heliocentric system of astronomy; that Virgilius, an Irish monk and German Bishop, discovered the sphericity of the earth; that Catholics invented the barometer, thermometer, stereometer, electrometer, microscope, helioscope, camera-obscura, and the mariner's compass; that Catholics invented the air-pump, diving bell, and magic lantern; that to Catholics we owe photography, church bells, clocks, stained glass, artesian wells, spectacles, organs, and the steam-engine; that the planetary movements of comets were first correctly explained by Grassi, a Jesuit; that the first to discover the sun's equator was Buscovitch, another Jesuit; that Torricelli, a Catholic, was the first to discover the gravity of the air; that a Catholic, Tournefort, was the first to group planets into genera, and that another Catholic, and Jesuit, Lana, wrote the first book on aerial navigation; that our present system of geography comes from a Catholic, Mercator; that the Gregorian Calendar, which is now in general use among civilized nations, is the work of a Pope; that the Catholic Cabot discovered the variation of the compass; that Grimaldi, a Catholic, and Jesuit, discovered the inflection of light; that Galvani, a Catholic, discovered the electrical science of Galvanism; that a priest, Henry, discovered the laws of crystallization; that the art of printing was discovered and propagated by Catholics; that even the wheelbarrow was invented by a Catholic; that the first works on jurisprudence, science of perspective, the medical art, anatomy, algebra, and universal history, were written by Catholics; that the Father of English poetry was a Catholic, as were also Dryden, Pope, Moore and probably Shakspere, and that Milton died a Catholic; that the greatest of living engineers and architects are Catholics; that Molloy, Mivart, Wiesseman, and Proctor, Catholics, are among the leading scientists of the day; that, finally, we owe our present system of colleges, universities, Sunday-schools and art-schools to Catholics. All these facts our friend of the *Courier* seems to ignore, and also that other very palpable fact that more than 250,000,000 of the most intelligent beings on the face of God's earth to-day are Catholics—more than ten to one of any other Christian denomination,—and that after 1800 years of persecution we possess the faith as strong and pure as it was in the early ages. With this fact and those other facts before our eyes, what can we think of the following from the last number of the *Courier*:

"The SCHOLASTIC reminds us of an old problem in mental arithmetic, of the toad which, in trying to climb out of a well, ascended two feet each day and slipped back three each night. The SCHOLASTIC has now slipped back to the statements made in our November number, and seems disposed to wrangle over

them the rest of the summer. Unlike the toad, and like the Catholic Church, it don't [sic!] believe in progress at all, and seems just as well contented in the well as out."

No one should be considered so blind as he who will not see. Those who have read the arguments presented by the SCHOLASTIC and the *Courier* respectively, know that if anyone be in the well, it is not us, but the other man. Notwithstanding his clever attempt to put

"—old Nassau's hook-nosed head  
On poor Aeneas' shoulders,"

truth is mighty, and will prevail. The Catholic Church does not believe in what the *Courier* editor is pleased to call "progress," for she is too old and wise to be caught by such chaff. She has met that kind of stuff a thousand times, in various forms, during the eighteen hundred and more years of her existence. She knows that that kind of "progress" is but an offshoot of Pyrrho's doctrines, which inculcated universal doubt as the only true wisdom; seeing no essential difference between vice and virtue, further than as human compact had discriminated them. With this is intermixed a little of Pascal, who would demolish reason to obtain a site for faith, and of Kant and Fichte, who would abolish reason to obtain a site for transcendental materialism. A modicum of some of the characteristics of Antisthenes' cynical school, supported by Diogenes, is the feather in the cap of this kind of "progress." But scurrility and invective are not arguments; on the contrary, they betray a lack of sound and convincing arguments. With regard to Catholics; the writer in the *Courier* does not believe, with Oliver Wendell Holmes,

"If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own;  
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone."

O no. If it were in his power, he would condemn us all to Hades, or make Presbyterians of us. This, we argue, is not Christian charity.

"A disputable point is no man's ground;  
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around."

We will now give another extract from his "arguments":

"The *Scholastic* fears we don't have the right kind of histories at Monmouth. We confess that the writings of the venerable *Quintus Curtius* are not so popular here as some others. Our students perversely prefer such modern authors as Hallam, Macaulay, Motley and Guizot. Our cotemporary is highly indignant at the charge that the Catholic Church is the foe of civil and religious liberty, and affirms that 'her chief theologians have always favored liberty in its highest and best form.' We cite a few Catholic authorities, and leave to the SCHOLASTIC the task of reconciling them with the above statement: 'We are not advocates of religious freedom, and we repeat, we are not.'—*Shepherd of the Valley*. 'Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect.'—*Bishop O'Connor*. 'There can be no religion without the Inquisition, which is wisely designed for the promotion of the true faith.'—*Boston Pilot*. The following is, we believe, found in the Catholic Bishop's oath: 'Heretics, schismatics and rebels to the said Lord, the Pope, or his aforesaid successors, I will, to the utmost of my power, persecute and wage war with.' This is a very 'high form' of liberty, truly! Muscovius declared: 'God's tribunal and the Pope's tribunal are the same. All other powers are his subjects.' Brownson, in his *Review*, claims for the Pope 'the right to pronounce sentence of deposition against any sovereign when required by the good of the spiritual order.' Is it any wonder that the setting aside of these haughty pretensions three centuries ago should have resulted in the strengthening of absolute monarchy?"

The editor of the *Courier* acknowledges that his histories are *all* on the same side—not a single Catholic author among them. We have Hallam, Macaulay, Hume, Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, and the rest, but we have also Lingard, by far the best of all English historians, and Darras, Alzog, Cantu, Gazeau, and others, so we possess the advantage of seeing both sides of historical questions. The great German historiographers, Voigt, Ranke and Hurter were Protestants—why does not Monmouth possess their works? Cobbett, too, lived and died a Protestant—why don't they read his *History of the Reformation at Monmouth*? It is true that Hurter later in life became a Catholic, but many of his works were written before he entered the Church. Agnes Strickland is a devoted Episcopalian—do they read her charmingly written *Lives at Monmouth*? It would seem that they do not. In American history, Monmouth does not possess Shea, De Courcy, or Dr. John O'Kane Murray's *Popular History*. Every

hing at Monmonth, as at many other non-Catholic colleges, is one-sided and partial. This is not the way to arrive at the truth, which it is the duty of every scholar, and above all of every Christian, to *seek*, and the latter at the peril of his immortal soul. It is all very well to attempt to turn the point of an argument by pushing forward a pardonable mistake about the two Curtiuses (one a pagan by profession, the other such in point of fact), but the blunder is not so much in favor of the *Courier* editor as he thinks, for the older pagan noted the facts to which *we* referred, as he can verify for himself. Now for the *Courier's* quotations, or "authorities," as he is pleased to term them. The first of these "authorities" (?) is nothing less formidable than the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a petty Catholic weekly newspaper that existed somewhere in the West about twenty or thirty years ago, and edited by a layman. A pretty authority, truly! We will wager a big apple, nevertheless, that this insignificant *Shepherd of the Valley* never published the quotation in the sense which the *Courier* gives it—and if it did, it would not find ten intelligent Catholics in the United States to endorse it. As to the quotation attributed to Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, it is *an unmitigated falsehood on the face of it*. Will the writer please inform us in which of Bishop O'Connor's writings he found it? We want proof, as it is undoubtedly a forgery. As to the Inquisition to which *The Pilot* refers, it is the Roman Inquisition proper,—simply a Board of Censors for the examination of theological writings, views, and theories,—and has none of the nature of the political "Inquisitions," so called, of the Middle Ages. *The Pilot* was right in the main, perhaps, although the sentence is awkwardly constructed; it seems to have been "doctored" by somebody, either by abruptly cutting, or otherwise. If it be intended to mean that without the Inquisition, or Board of Censors, individual opinions would be gradually smuggled into theological writings, and the faith corrupted to a certain extent, it would stand; but the construction of the sentence is not clear, at least when separated from the context. The next thing on the docket is the Bishop's oath. We don't know where our contemporary found what he gives as "the Catholic Bishop's oath," but after a long search among musty Latin ecclesiastical works in a private library here, no such work being in the public library since its almost total destruction by fire two years ago, we found the regular *Pontificale Romanum*, and from page 742 of the third volume we translate the oath administered to Catholic Bishops throughout the world. Here it is, given literally, word for word:

"I, N., appointed Bishop of N., promise, in presence of Almighty God and the whole Church, that from this hour, as heretofore, after the manner of my predecessors, I shall be forever faithful and obedient to the Blessed N. and to the Holy Church N.; also to you, my Lord, by the grace of God Archbishop of this same Church, as well as to your successors canonically instituted, as it was established by the Holy Fathers, and recommended both by the authority of the Church and that of the Roman Pontiffs. I will do nothing by counsel, by consent, or by deed, to endanger your life or limb, or to deceive you by evil craft. I will never, knowingly, reveal to anybody, to your injury, any design which may be entrusted to me by yourself, by letters or by messengers. I will attend Synod when called, unless prevented by a canonical impediment. I will also treat honorably yourself, your deputies, and those whom I shall know to be of the true Church N. in their journey, sojourn, and return; I will likewise assist them in their necessities. Moreover I will not sell, nor donate, nor enfeoff anew the possessions pertaining to the income of my Bishopric; nor will I alienate them in any way against the right or the custom of my Church without consulting you or your successors."

He quotes Muscovius. We don't know anything of him or his writings—never heard of him before; but the passage can stand if the word "spiritual" be understood before "subjects." That is evidently the sense in which it was written, for in any other sense it would not be true. Now, as to Brownson, we assert that—in the sense in which the passage is given—he would not be so silly as to put forward such a claim, and the Pope himself—any Pope—would think Brownson over-zealous or a little crazy if he heard him make such an assertion. The Pope puts forward no such claim; and anyone who knows anything of Brownson—whom Lord Brougham has styled "the master-mind

of America"—as far above Emerson as heaven is above earth—know that he could not so far forget common sense as to put forward a claim that the Pope himself would think ridiculous. In the Middle Ages, when nations and peoples placed themselves and their liberties, by unanimous consent, under the protection of the Pope, and kings at their coronation took him as arbiter between themselves and their people, as was done in Germany,—and when the sovereigns of Europe made the Popes the judges and arbitrators between one another, then the Popes could, and did, exercise the deposing power. But they did not assume such temporal prerogative under the other circumstances. (See Hist. of Pope Gregory VII, by Julius Voigt, Professor in the University of Halle; *Darras, Church History, Middle Ages*; *Gazeau, Hist. Middle Ages*; or Spalding's "Miscellanea," p. 151 and foll.) Voigt was a Protestant, and on page 98, vol. ii, he says: "The holy see was the only tribunal, which could set any limits to imperial despotism, as a second defender of humanity. Thus we see that

"The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,  
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice  
as many."

As to the last sentence in the extract from the *Courier*, the writer would not, surely, set up his own dictum against that of such a Protestant authority as Guizot, who, in his "Lectures on Civilization in Modern Europe" (p. 300 and foll.), says that "*the emancipation of the human mind [by the Reformation] and ABSOLUTE MONARCHY triumphed simultaneously throughout Europe.*" Next, the editor of the *Courier* says: "We were not able to discover what important doctrine is perverted by the insertion in the Protestant version of the Lord's prayer of the clause 'For Thine is the kingdom,' etc." We have neither the space nor time to answer this important question now, but intend to do so next week.

#### College Gossip.

—Oxford University lost 37 boats by the destruction of her boat-house.—*Polytechnic*.

—The Inter-Collegiate Press Association has proved a failure, despite the *Acta's* efforts.

—Mixed Mathematics.—Given: A donkey engine, to find its horse power.—*Polytechnic*.

—Carlyle bequeathed the books he used in the preparation of his "Cromwell" and "Frederick the Great" to the Harvard Library.

—The Michigan University appropriation bill passed both houses, and has become a law. It calls for \$160,500, of which \$100,000 is to be devoted to a library building, and \$12,000 to the Dental College.

—One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have just been promised for the building and equipment of a physical laboratory at Harvard, on condition that \$75,000 shall be obtained for the running expenses of the establishment.

—First Senior, *desperate over his Grave's Essay*: "At any rate, I can kindle the fire with it." Second Senior, *coolly*: "That would be a good idea. One needs something pretty dry to kindle a fire."—*Williams Atheneum*.

—Four students of Syracuse University were arrested lately on the charge of committing an assault upon a fellow-student, Ezar S. Tipple. Tipple was kidnapped, bound, gagged, and taken five miles in the country, where he was tied to a tree, his head shaved, and abandoned by the students.—*Ex.*

—A few weeks ago, says *The University*, we devoted an editorial to the subject of quack colleges, saying that the general public were unable to protect themselves against the ravages of legal graduates of inferior colleges. The following extract from the *Atchison Globe* tells us what the sentiment of that representative of the people of Kansas is in regard to the fixture of such institutions in the country: "The Northwestern Medical College, of St. Joe, which has been in existence only six weeks, turned out twenty-three quacks on Thursday. A Kansas boy who went there on Wednesday is said to have graduated with all the honors on Thursday."

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, April 30, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The baseball season is at hand, and the professional teams are already in the field, each desirous of securing the pennant for '81. This year finds eight nines in the League, viz.: Chicago, Detroit, Providence, Cleveland, Troy, Boston, Buffalo, and Worcester. In reading over Spalding's Baseball Guide for '81, we notice that very little material change has been made in the regulations which governed the National Game last year. One of the most notable changes is, that, this year, seven called balls will entitle the batsman to his base, instead of nine, as required by last year's regulations. G. F. Gore, of the Chicago Nine, has been declared the champion batter for 1880. Gore played in seventy-five games, was three hundred and twelve times at the bat, made sixty-nine runs, his average runs per game being 0.92; he made one hundred and fourteen base hits with an average of 365 per times at bat; the total number of bases run by Gore were four hundred and fifty, average bases run per game 6.00. This is indeed a good record, one which reflects credit not only on Gore, but also upon the White Stockings of Chicago. A good portrait of the gentleman may be seen in the Guide, p. 20.

Another important resolution adopted by the representatives of the different League Clubs at a special meeting, held at the Osborne House, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 4th, '80, is, that the sale of every description of malt, spirituals, or vinous liquors upon their grounds, or in any buildings owned or occupied by them, is prohibited under penalty of forfeiture of membership in the League. This is something that should have been done years ago; but as it is never too late to do anything good, we are sure that this enactment will, even at this late hour, receive the hearty approbation of all who would wish to see the grand National Game

free from this curse of all sports. The contest for the championship of '81 promises to be an exciting one. The Chicagoos will put forth their most strenuous efforts to retain possession of the pennant which they have been flying since last October. The Bostons are resolved at all hazards to again be declared champions of America, an honor which was theirs for so long a time. The clubs of Detroit, Buffalo, Providence, Worcester, and Troy each feel confident that victory is within its grasp. Perhaps it is; yet we believe that they will have to tighten their grip to hold it. We believe that the contest for the pennant of '81 lies principally between Chicago, Boston, and Providence; the others will be obliged to content themselves with the strife for second place.

So much for the Professional Clubs. Let us now say a word or two about baseball in the colleges. In speaking on this subject Spalding says: "Baseball is undoubtedly the leading athletic sport in all American colleges, and every college has its representative nine. The general interest and wild enthusiasm manifested by the students in the success of their respective colleges, in any sporting event, culminates in their baseball matches, and while boating, football, etc., attract much attention, each successive season brings the National Game more and more into prominence as the leading sporting college event of the year. Football is too rough, and it often happens that some one is seriously injured; indeed, it rarely happens that a match is played without injury to one or more. Boating requires a great deal of time, money and hard work, and can only be sustained by the richest of the colleges, and it is so violent as to often cause injury to those engaged in it. The amateur teams of the several college clubs of the country, last season, made a most creditable exhibit as the leading exemplars of amateur playing, and the season of 1881 gives promise of even better results."

Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Harvard were the nines that competed for the college championship for the season of '80, Princeton, closely pressed by Brown, winning it. While it is evident that great interest is taken in the game by our Eastern colleges, it is sadly apparent that the majority of Western colleges, Notre Dame included, shows an unmistakable lack of interest in what we consider the king of all games. Now, this is not as it should be. Let the Western colleges form league nines, and having played the required number of games with each other for the Western college championship, let that nine which shall have been declared champions of the West, meet the Champion Club of the East. Let five games be played between these representative champions of the East and West, and the one winning three of the five games be declared champions of the College Baseball Association of the United States. Whether this suggestion meets with the approbation of our sister institutions of the United States or not, let Notre Dame at least manifest greater interest in the game than it has exhibited for the past two years. We have excellent material, and it needs but one or two interested persons in each department to utilize it, and thereby give to Notre Dame a leading place in the College Baseball Association of the United States

—True glory takes root and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero.

—Sunday last when the king of day peeped for the first time over the horizon, he beheld stretched out before him, in all its beauty, the earth which but a short time ago had cast off its heavy winter garments and in their stead donned the less ponderous and more beautiful vestments of spring. Scarce a breath of wind rustled the dead leaves which still clung, as if in the agony of despair, to the mighty oaks just awakening from their winter's slumber. Scarce a cloud-ship could be seen on heaven's sea of bright blue air. Bright plumaged birds, returned from the sunny South, flitted through the trees, pausing now and then to warble sweet notes of praise to Him who exercises a tender solicitude even for the humblest of His creatures. The bright orb of day rose higher and higher; its genial rays growing brighter and brighter, until the whole world arose from its slumber, rejuvenated by the animating influence of earth's great illuminator. In a word, Nature, refreshed by a soothing sleep, wore her most bewitching smile.

Such was the day chosen by the Minims for their semi-annual excursion to the St. Joe Farm. Anyone who would have casually dropped into the Minim Department at half-past five, Sunday morning, would have been impressed with the idea that something unusual was about to occur; for the young gentlemen had arisen an hour earlier than they usually do, and were busy making their toilets, preparatory to assisting at the 6-o'clock Mass; for it must be well understood that, though they had chosen the Lord's Day for excursionizing, yet they forgot not the Divine command, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." This they fulfilled by assisting at Mass. After breakfast all busied themselves in making preparations for their well-loved haunt, the St. Joe. Fully an hour was consumed before everything was in readiness; and when the four teams, laden with their freight of happy, joyful Minims, began to diminish the distance between the University and the St. Joe, the repeated clang-clang of the clock in the steeple gave notice of half-past eight o'clock. Bros. Paulinus and Titus led the way, while Bro. Amandus, the Minims' popular, gentlemanly prefect, and the writer of these lines brought up the rear. The ride to the St. Joe was a pleasant one, albeit the day was a little too warm. On either side of us could be seen fields carpeted with Nature's richest green. In the distance were herds of cattle grazing, or basking in the sunshine. Once or twice we passed over rivulets, clear as crystal, in which we could see playful little minnows disporting themselves. Occasionally a faithful watch-dog would greet us with his deep-mouthed bay, warning us away from the premises over which he was guard. The "gobble" "gobble" of the proud turkey was heard more than once; while horses, turned loose in fields adjacent to the road, alarmed at our approach, would start off on a trot or gallop after the "Maud-S." fashion, shaking the earth and forcibly reminding one of a Buffalo stampede on a Western prairie.

An occasional song from the clear-voiced Minims would fill us with delight, and cause us to look back with mingled feelings of joy and of sorrow to the days forever gone, when we, like them, were young, light-hearted, and free. We then thought how, in a few short years, these bright young boys will have become men and have taken active parts in the grand, but dangerous, drama of life. We were forcibly reminded of the beautiful sonnet:

"Four seasons fill the measure of the year.

There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span;  
He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminant, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves;  
His soul has in its Autumn when his wings  
He furleth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshhold brook;  
He has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature."

We were aroused from this reverie by a cheer from the Minims: the St. Joe was in sight. In a few minutes we found ourselves beside the stately farm-house, which was soon resounding with gladsome, youthful voices. A warm reception was accorded us by Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C., who gave the Minims the liberty of the St. Joe. They felt just as proud as General U. S. Grant when he was given the freedom of several European cities. We were delighted to meet Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Theology at the University, who had come to spend Sunday at the beautiful St. Joe. We shall not attempt a description of the many sports indulged in by the Minims at this their favorite resort; it would take more space and time than we can spare. Suffice it to say, that the merry shouts and outbursts of laughter that greeted our ears from all sides gave unmistakable evidence of the good times being had.

At one o'clock all repaired to the commodious dining-hall, where an unlimited number of good things of every kind covered the tables. Shall we here repeat the old, old story by saying that justice was done the sumptuous dinner? Is it necessary? We think not. It is; but necessary to remark that the Minims were Father Condon's guests, and that W. S. C.— and J. W. G.—, of the Preparatory department, were present. After dinner, a game of baseball was played on "Recreation Park," a report of which appears in our local columns.

A rich lunch was served at half-past five; and an hour later, the Minims, having bid a fond adieu to the St. Joe, were on their way to the University. The evening's ride proved much more pleasant than that of the morning; the roads were not as dusty, nor was the air so warm. The University was reached at 8:15, when the Minims, somewhat fatigued, but well satisfied with the day's amusements, threw themselves into the arms of Morpheus, and were soon, no doubt, repeating the day's sports in dream-land. They desire us to express their thanks to President Corby, Rev. Father O'Keeffe; Bros. Simon and Amandus for this pleasant excursion to the St. Joe Farm.

#### Personal.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty returned from Laporte Monday evening.

—Mr. P. J. Moran, C. S. C., left for New York Tuesday morning.

—Mr. F. J. Prenatt, Madison, Ind., spent Tuesday at the University, visiting his sons of the Preparatory department.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., (M. A.) parish priest of Watertown, Wis., visited his many friends at the University this week.

—Frank J. Ready, '72, is residing in Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Ready will please accept our thanks for favors shown the SCHOLASTIC.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, called at the University last Tuesday to visit his nephew, Master Jos. Dwenger, Minim department.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., returned last Saturday from Watertown, Wis., where, according to the *Gazette*, he preached a successful retreat to the students of Sacred Heart College.

—Rev. D. A. Tighe, 70, is still stationed at Hyde Park, Ill. During his brief missionary career he has accomplished wonders. Besides enlarging his church on Hyde Park, and making other improvements, he has built, and nearly paid for, two others, viz.: one in South Chicago, and one on Oakland Ave., Chicago; the latter church, one of his missions, is pronounced by all who have seen it, one of the most beautiful and convenient in the city. It is not large, but it is indeed a gem.

—M. McCormack, '74, was married in Nashville, Tenn., last week. In speaking of the ceremony, the *Banner*, of the 21st inst., says:

“Mr. Michael McCormack, a most estimable young man, and who is the efficient book-keeper for Rankin & Co., on the Public Square, was united in marriage to Miss Katie Ragan Cauley, at the Cathedral at 4:30 p. m. yesterday, by Rev. Father Veale. The ceremony was very impressive and beautiful. Several elegant presents were made the bride and groom by friends, accompanied with the best wishes for a bright and happy future. The attendants were Mr. John J. McCormack with Miss Emma C. Dalton. After the marriage service was performed, the bridal party left for Cincinnati, Louisville, and other points.”

—Among our visitors for the past week were Chas. Richardson and Judge Layton, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. C. and Miss Abbie Ivins, Burlington, N. Y.; C. and R. F. Hodson, Rebecca Edwards, Miss L. Green, and H. Eeck, South Bend, Ind.; Dr. H. Duemling, Fort Wayne, Ind.; C. J. Otto Hauser, St. Louis, Mo.; C. M. Proctor, '74, and lady, Elkhart, Ind.; S. A. Kring, Canto, O.; M. A. and C. Beckwith, Misses L. Cleaveland and J. Curtis, Goshen, Ind.; L. S. Fickenscher, R. A. Heritage, Director Musical Department, Normal School; and W. T. String, Valparaiso, Ind.; L. Rohrback, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. S. A. Colgar, Nashville, Tenn.; and Edward Broderick, St. Joseph, Mich.

#### Local Items.

- J. Willie dotes on marine news.
- Who is the best looking Cadet?
- Light rain-fall Sunday afternoon.
- Refreshing showers last Monday.
- “Moses” says that it is ambiguous.
- The “funny man” is subdued at last.
- Three Bicycle Clubs at this University.
- The beginning of the End—the letter E.
- “Pete” had better look before he shoots.
- The piano player’s motto—“Liszt, O, Liszt!”
- Bishop Dwenger gave us rec. Tuesday afternoon.
- Prof. Lyons’s Elocution Classes are progressing finely.
- The Sorins were granted recreation Saturday afternoon.
- Spring is here at last. The livery men will sleigh no more.
- The Minims had an excellent time at the St. Joe last Sunday.
- “Jim” looks like a “bould soger bye” in his new Cadet suit.
- Who is the champion heavy-weight thrower of the University?
- “Buttercup” is the champion baseballist of the Minim department.
- Harry Kitz, Minim department, has the finest bicycle at Notre Dame.
- Voice of the Preps.: “When are we to have an excursion to Bertrand?”

—The Minims are getting the boss Cadet suits. B. Augustus is making them.

—The Minims’ recreation grounds have been enlarged by the addition of about an acre.

—Some one says that all things seem easy to the man who has never tried to do anything.

—Master E. Prenatt is the latest accession to the Bicycle Club of the Preparatory department.

—Everybody seems to have been pleased with last week’s SCHOLASTIC. Tally one for us.

—There is but one thing you can give to other people, and still keep it. That thing is your word.

—When a man begins to flatter you, hold on to your pocket-book, for that is his objective point.

—Captain Cocke has quite a respectable Museum in the library over which he exercises supervision.

—“Are you comfortable, J—?” “Yes.” “Are you comfortable, B—?” “Yes.” “So am I!”

—The semi-monthly meeting of the Academia took place, in the usual place of meeting, on the 20th inst.

—The Professor of Calisthenics gave his class an interesting lecture on “Position,” Saturday evening.

—Lost:—A chinchilla overcoat. The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving the same at this office.

—We have only nine of the bazaar tickets left. Now is your time to get them. First calling, first served.

—Elbel’s Orchestra, of South Bend, furnished the music for the Dancing Class Sociable last Saturday night.

—Tight boots and an accusing conscience are about equal in their ability to make a man uncomfortable.

—Mede Coghlin has written a poem on the “Juniors of Eighty and Eighty One.” It is said to be a rich affair.

—The last number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is profusely and beautifully illustrated.—*Cornell (Daily) Sun*.

—The SCHOLASTIC is under obligations to Rev. Mr. Verdan, and Bro. Basil, C. S. C., for favors during the past week.

—It doesn’t hurt a good man to have his character investigated, any more than it hurts a gold coin to try its ring on the counter.

—Prof. of English Grammar: “Now, then, what is the gender of egg?” Student: “Please, sir, you can’t tell until it is hatched.”

—Henry Metz looks extremely fine in his new Cadet suit. He is the envy of his larger brothers of the Junior and Senior departments.

—If the old and wholesome rule, “Pay as you go,” were put into force, there are a great many people in the world who would never go at all.

—“Marshal” laid particular stress on the words, “Duzy do,” in calling off for the dance given by Professor Edwards, last Saturday evening.

—The item in our last issue on the drilling of the Notre Dame Cadets in South Bend should have been credited to the *South-Bend Daily Tribune*.

—Dress neatly. A well-clothed young man commands favor and respect, while a poorly-clad one can scarcely borrow his neighbor’s bucksaw.

—Masters Johnson, Schaefer, Gibert, Burns, Cleary, Guhlrie, Le Bourgeois and J. McGrath were at the St. Joe Farm with the Minims last Sunday.

—The Curator of the Museum most gratefully acknowledges a valuable contribution to the Cabinet of Natural History, by Very Rev. Father General.

—Master Samuel Livingston lost a small gold star, containing a green set. The finder will confer a favor on him by giving it to him, or leaving it at this office.

—Prof. Edwards is deservedly popular as Professor of Calisthenics. Affairs, such as Saturday night’s is said to have been, are always appreciated by students.

—Mrs. Taylor, mother of our Master D. Taylor, Minim department, sent an interesting donation to the Museum, for which she has the best thanks of the Curator.

—Business of importance made it impossible for us to

attend the Sociable of the Dancing Class, Saturday night, to which we had been kindly invited by Prof. Edwards.

—The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary return thanks to the young gentlemen of the Preparatory department who so kindly replaced them at High Mass last Sunday.

—An alligator, sent from Florida by a friend to Very Rev. Father General, spent an afternoon with his young friends, the Minims, before being consigned to the Museum.

—“Every cloud has a silver lining, Georgie,” we said to a Minim, the other day. “Yes,” he replied; “but clouds are like clothes: they’re not worn with linings inside out.”

—Persons contributing spring poetry will be required to hand in the names of the persons they have selected as pall-bearers, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

—To-night, solemn opening of the month of Mary. Exercises every day at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  p. m. To-morrow, the Feast of St. Philip and St. James, *Missa Parvolorum* will be sung. Vespers, p. 143 of the Vesperal.

—The students of the Minim department who had the best notes for the week ending April 23d were: Masters J. S. Courtney, Washington, D. C.; W. T. Berthlet, Milwaukee, Wis., and J. C. Chaves, Belen, N. M.

—Pete didn’t see the point. No! it’s not likely; otherwise he wouldn’t have sat upon that upturned pin Sunday evening. This is but another of the many cases related of a person’s finding the point without much study.

—John G. Whittier was paid \$250 for his last poem, “The King’s Missive.” This shows reckless extravagance. Lots of persons, who think their poems as good as Whittier’s, are anxious to give them to us for nothing.

—A game of baseball was played on “Recreation Park,” at the St. Joe Farm, Sunday afternoon, between two picked nines, one of which was captained by J. W. Guthrie, and the other by W. S. Cleary. Score, 13 to 7, in favor of Guthrie’s nine.

—A game of baseball was played on Tuesday afternoon, for a new ball, between the Young Americas and Quicksteps, of the Minim department. Snee captained the Young Americas, and Van Mourick the Quicksteps. Score, 27 to 30, in favor of the Quicksteps.

—Very Rev. Father General has been made the recipient of a beautiful Magdalene, from the *atelier* of Prof. Gregori. The painting is a genuine work of merit, exquisitely finished, and so true to life that we can scarcely realize it is the work of a creature and not of the Creator.

—Eliot Ryder’s Household Library of Catholic Poets is nearly ready. A special proof edition of 250 copies is to be first printed, at \$5, and sold only to subscribers. Those wishing one of these copies should communicate with Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.—*Western Home Journal*.

—The first game of the series to be played for the Junior championship took place Wednesday forenoon on the Active Baseball grounds, between the Actives and Excelsiors. The game was remarkable for the numerous errors and general poor playing of the Actives. Score, 17 to 4, in favor of the Excelsiors.

—A bright-eyed Minim approached us Wednesday evening and asked us if we had seen a miracle performed at the St. Joe last Sunday. We replied that we had not, and asked our young friend to relate the particulars. “Oh,” he replied, “the particulars are few. Several of my companions and myself saw one of the farm-hands turn quite a number of cows to grass.”

—On Saturday the 23d, twelve Minims who were present at the conflagration two years ago, called on Very Rev. Father General, and after relating to him their deeds of daring on that memorable day, begged of him not to credit the statement made in the *South-Bend Tribune*, which represented them playing and singing while their tall brothers were trying to save the College.

—Our friend John is a noted punster,—so he thinks. He takes up an item in last week’s SCHOLASTIC, and endeavors to pun upon it. Here’s the result of the exercise of his prolific mental faculties: Partridges are among the things that whirr.—*Scholastic*.—Honey-makers are among the

things that bee.—*Punster*. Yes: and we might add that bees are among the things that comb.

—The Minims, ever on the *qui vive* for something valuable for the Museum, espied a huge snapping turtle directly ahead of them in the wagon-road as they were returning from the St. Joe Sunday evening. Instantly, Tourtillotte, Miller, Kitz, Haslam, and a half-dozen others, surrounded their victim, seized it, and placed it in one of the wagons. They will formally present it to the Curator of the Museum in a few days.

—Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. C., of Watertown, Wis., was the first person to send in his subscription for Prof. Lyons’s edition of the Catholic poets. Rt. Rev. Robert Seton, D. D., of Jersey City; Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D., of New York; Very Rev. J. A. Rochford, O. P., of Washington; Rev. J. J. Moriarty, D. D., and others, sent in their subscriptions before the circulars had been out a week.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder is now at the Notre Dame University, Ind., putting the finishing touches to his work, “An Anthology of Catholic Poetry,” which will be shortly published by Prof. J. A. Lyons, from the University press. Our able contemporary *the Ave Maria*, speaks in the highest terms of the forthcoming work. Mr. Ryder will be happy to receive suggestions or contributions from Catholic poets.—*Celtic Monthly*.

—A meeting of the Columbian Literary Society was held Tuesday evening, April 19th. The debate for the evening was “Should Ancient Languages be Replaced by Modern in Our College Courses.” On the affirmative were Messrs. Hagan and O’Donnell; on the negative, Messrs. Falvey and Taggart. The arguments adduced by the supporters of either side were strong and logical. Owing to the lateness of the hour, no decision was rendered.

—’Tis gentle spring, and poets sing  
Of pleasures that are vernal;  
And journalists their feet and fists  
Now exercise diurnal.  
They kick and cuff, till “hold enough!”  
Comes from the sweet spring poet,  
When straightway for the outer door  
The poet has to go it.

—It will be consoling to those whose epicurean nature prompts them to give a generous patronage to orchard products (and we believe they are quite numerous) to hear that their old benefactor, Mr. Daly, the horticulturist, has put in an appearance after a long absence, and looking as robust and healthy as if he spent the winter compounding the essences of hops and barley, and assuring us of being able to furnish an abundance of fruit the coming season under the terms of Arnold’s amendment to impost duties “Free trade.”

—The Household Library of Catholic Poets will soon be ready for the public. It is now in press. It is edited by Mr. Eliot Ryder, with critical and biographical notes. Prof. J. A. Lyons is the enterprising publisher. We augur for it a wide circulation. It is a work which should be found in every Catholic household, from the most humble to the highest and most wealthy. Subscriptions should be sent in as soon as possible, as only 250 copies will be printed. Price, \$5.00. Address, Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

—Henry W. Longfellow was the subject of the lecture delivered last Sunday evening in the rotunda by Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of the *Ave Maria*. The lecture was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. It is pronounced by all to have been the most interesting lecture of the year. We are happy to state that the Rev. gentleman has kindly consented to give us the lecture for publication. It will appear in our next issue, and should be perused by all as one of the most careful and critical estimates of the great poet ever written.

—Full length portraits in oil of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln have been placed in the Columbian Club Room. Both pictures are the work of J. Francis Smith. Washington is a copy of the Stewart painting in the Connecticut State Capitol, and Lincoln has been painted from an engraving of a photograph by Brady. Both pictures display wealth of coloring, and a good effect of light and shade. Notre Dame has a special pride in this tal-

ented young artist, who has prosecuted his studies under the direction of her famous Gregori.

—Last Monday, St. Mark's Day, there was a procession from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart to the *Portiuncula* at 5 a. m., during which the Litany of the Saints was solemnly chanted. When the *Portiuncula* was reached, that beautiful hymn, *Regina Celi*, was sung. On the return of the clergy to the Church, prayers for the preservation of peace among nations, for the Pope, for the universal Church, for a bountiful harvest, etc., were offered up. High Mass was then celebrated by Very Rev. A. Granger. Rev. J. M. Toohey gave Benediction in the evening.

—The game on Tuesday afternoon, between Bro. Paul's and Bro. Albert's nines, was an exceedingly poor one. Bishop Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., witnessed the game. Heavy batting and poor fielding were its chief features. Kuhn made a neat double play by taking a hot liner batted to him on second by O'Donnell. Noble made the heaviest bat, but it was neatly captured by Arnold in centre-field. Scanlan was the Umpire. Score, 19 to 8, Bro. Paul's nine winning. We do not give the score in full, any game in which more than twelve tallies are made being considered a poor one.

—The approach of summer suggests many a discussion among our boys as to the best place to spend the summer. Our poet dishes up a colloquy as follows:

"Saratoga and Long Branch, you've seen 'em,"  
Said Charley one morning to Joe;  
"Pray tell me the difference between 'em,  
For bother my brains if I know."  
Quoth Joe: "'Tis the easiest matter  
At once to distinguish the two:  
At one you go into the water,  
At the other, it goes into you."

—The 29th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philopatrian Association was held April 19th. Masters J. M. Heffernan and J. F. Martin presented themselves for membership and were unanimously elected. A. M. Coghlin read a good poem on the Juniors of '81, to which F. Quinn replied in his usual witty style. R. Fleming gave a short sketch of Macaulay; C. McDermott read a well-written composition on the "Discovery of America"; J. O'Neill delivered the "Psalm of Life" very creditably. Public readers for the week are: N. Nelson, E. Fischel, A. Coghlin, C. Tinley, R. Fleming, J. Heffernan, T. Flynn and A. Bodine.

—We have received ten tickets for "A Grand Bazaar and Drawing of Prizes," in aid of the new Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Mount St. Michael's, Claremorris, Ireland. The drawing will come off in that place on the 25th of May. The winning numbers will be published in the *Connaught Telegraph*, *Mayo Examiner*, and *Freeman's Journal*, June 5th. A large number of prizes are offered, among which may be mentioned a ten-dollar note and a fifty-dollar railway share. Besides these, forty-one other valuable articles are offered, among which are two watches, a tea and coffee set in old china, a £1 note, a telescope, writing-desks, and numerous other valuable articles. The tickets cost but thirteen cents each. Those wishing to invest in this bazaar, will do well to call on us immediately, for we have but ten tickets.

—The following are the names and positions of two of the principal League Nines, Junior department: "Actives": J. M. Scanlan, Captain and s.s.; G. Truschel, catcher; H. Morse, 1st base; A. Bodine, 2d base; M. Buller, left-field; H. Hake, centre-field; J. Guthrie, right-field. "Excelsors": J. Maher, Captain and pitcher; J. Heffernan, catcher; F. Grever, s.s.; F. Kleine, 1st base; R. Fleming, 2d base; F. Hurley, 3d base; E. Gallagher, left-field; A. Dick, center-field; W. Ayers, right-field. The championship of the Junior department will be "the bone of contention" between these two nines. They are well matched, with excellent players on both sides, and we may, therefore, expect to witness some very close playing during what will undoubtedly prove one of the most exciting contests of the baseball season at this University.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC issued an eight-page supplement on Saturday, the 2d anniversary of the University fire, which is exclusively devoted to matters concerning the destruction of the University on the 23d of

April, 1879. It prints in full T. A. Dailey's poem, the *Tribune's* account of the conflagration, and says: "We consider it one of the most accurate descriptions of the fire given." The SCHOLASTIC also gives, in the supplement, illustrations of Notre Dame before the fire, ruins of the main building, interior view of the Junior study-hall after the fire, the new University building, the first college and the old church, St. Joseph's Novitiate, Mt. St. Vincent, and St. Aloysius' Home. The SCHOLASTIC has shown a great deal of commendable enterprise in its issue of "The Day We Commemorate."—*South-Bend Tribune*, 26th inst.

—Our friend John came to our sanctum last Monday, saying that he had a fine poem for the SCHOLASTIC. We thanked him for his kindness; and thinking that, after all the threats we had made, no one would venture to talk to us about spring, much less ask us to accept a poem on it, we requested our friend John to read us the first stanza of his "fine" poem. He readily acceded to our request, saying that he hoped it would please us. Then, having cleared his proboscis and throat, he began: "Gentle, balmy spring has —." We knew what was coming the moment we heard the word "gentle"; accordingly, before he had concluded the first line, we made a spring for him which, we think, could not have been as inspiring as the "gentle, balmy" one that John had written about. John is now in the Infirmary; hopes are entertained of his recovery, as every possible attention is being bestowed upon his shattered frame.

—The subject of discussion among the members of the Composition Class last Saturday afternoon was, "Ought the Two Sexes be Educated Together." The debate was a lively one. Messrs. Falvey, Rietz, Rose, Thiele and Kuhn maintained that the co-educational system is the stumbling-block of our educational institutions. The great popular cry in favor of co-education is, "The presence of woman exercises a refining influence over those with whom she is brought in contact." This, the negatives asserted, was a gratuitous assertion which they gratuitously denied. Is it not just as reasonable to say that when both sexes are educated together, man's rougher nature will exercise a baneful influence over the gentler one of woman? Messrs. Young, Brown, Walsh, Mathers and Tinley raised their voices in favor of co-education, making several good points, but not of sufficient weight to overthrow the arguments of their opponents, in favor of whom a decision was given. Tinley was particularly complimented for the excellent arguments which he advanced in behalf of the fairer sex.

—Rev. Thomas D. Collins, assistant pastor of St. Bernard's Church, was the recipient of an elegant gold watch on last Sunday, the gift of several of his warm personal friends. After High Mass most of the parties who donated towards purchasing this grand gift, repaired to the chapel of the Church, and Rev. Father Collins was sent for and ushered into their midst, not a little surprised to know the nature of the gathering. He was not held long in suspense, however, when John T. Flavin, the popular Superintendent of Schools of Dodge County, addressed him in a very able and appropriate manner, setting forth for what purpose so many people had congregated, and the high esteem in which he was held by the members of St. Bernard's congregation. At the close of his speech, Mr. Flavin handed the watch to the worthy priest, after which Father Collins thanked his friends for their kindness towards him. The watch is a fine one, costing at least \$100. This splendid gift is well deserved by Father Collins, and will be a constant reminder to him of the appreciation of his labors at St. Bernard's.—*Watertown Gazette*.

—Last Wednesday, Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, accompanied by Very Rev. Father General, visited the Minim department. Master C. C. Echlin, San Francisco, Cal., assisted by Masters J. H. Dwenger, Fort Wayne, Ind., and J. C. Chaves, Belen, N. M., presented him an address; at the conclusion of which they told him that as he had shown himself such a splendid friend of the small boys at Notre Dame, they believed he would help them to remove a great obstacle to their happiness, which arose from a promise made them by Very Rev. Father General. In the beginning of the year, he told them that he would give them a grand dinner when their number reached fifty. But as there were at present only forty-eight Minims, and

as the time was passing without the other two putting in an appearance, they requested the Bishop to come and be a Minim just for one day. The Bishop not only consented, but promised if the second Minim did not come, he would bring one from Fort Wayne, in order to secure Father General's dinner. We can better imagine than describe the hearty manner in which this announcement was applauded. The Minims wish us to express their thanks to the Bishop for befriending them in this emergency, in which so much solid happiness is at stake.

—We need no old settler to tell us how hot it was two years ago to-day. We remember distinctly how the solar rays came down with July fervency. The day is marked by the destruction of Notre Dame University, one of the most destructive fires with which this community has been afflicted. The event is still too fresh in the memory of everybody to need a repetition of the account published in the *Register* at the time, and we are now all admiring the pluck and perseverance which have developed phoenix-like, from the ashes and ruin of that day, the proud structure which we call Notre Dame University to-day. The handsome and imposing edifice, the elegant interior, and beautiful grounds, and all that has come at the call of perseverance and labor, speaks volumes of the mighty work that has been done in these two years; but all the bricks and mortar, all the ornamentation, and all the words that might be piled into columns, could not tell the whole story: how in the face of all the discouragements, and impeded by many obstacles, Father Sorin and his brave band have wrought out this resurrection and advancement. There is a story in this stupendous pile, too, of love for *Alma Mater*, which brought helping hands and words of cheer and encouragement from every quarter of the globe.—*South-Bend Daily Register*, April 23.

—The Feast of St. George and Shakspere's Birthday was celebrated this year with unusual éclat by Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Stace, and other natives of "merrie England," who reside in the vicinity of the University. All the students who bear the name of the illustrious St. George, attended the Divine Sacrifice of Mass and received Holy Communion in honor of their patron. Many of the boys and professors wore St. George colors to show their high regard for the distinguished members of the Faculty who hail from the land of Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Manning, and Newman. In the evening, Washington Hall was the scene of a pleasant reception, tendered the members of the Juniors' San Souci Club by Prof. Edwards. The Elbel Brothers' Orchestra, from South Bend, furnished an intellectual treat to the guests by rendering unusual morceaux from the classic authors of the day, while the less spiritual tastes of the epicure were gratified by an elegant repast, served by the well-known caterers Russ & Co. After the refreshment hour, all took part in the merry mazes of the German. The heartfelt and complimentary words spoken to the host by all who participated in the festivities of the evening, prove the entertainment to have been one of the pleasantest reunions of the season. Among the distinguished guests present were the President and Vice-President of the University, the President of the Philopatrian Society, and the principals of the various College departments.

—Life alone can be supplemented by growth. Activity and power are the offerings of health and vigor. Judged by these moral axioms, St. Mary's Academy is advancing on the road of excellence and usefulness. Hitherto, in speaking of this beautiful resort of the Muses, this place of intellectual culture and moral training for young ladies, we have been somewhat in the political vein. Indeed, we have let Fancy take her flight to the utmost verge of truth and fact. We need do so no longer. Now it happens that reality takes the lead of romance, and truth becomes, in every sense, stronger than fiction. This great Academy, now, as formerly, under the direction of Mother Mary of St. Angela, one of the most experienced, noted, and beloved educators of the day, assisted by a select corps of Sisters of great and well-tested ability, presents to the American continent, nay, to the world, facilities for the education of the female portion of our race, unexcelled, if equalled, anywhere. The attractions of the location, the beauty of the scenery, the artistic ornamen-

tation, the winding walks, the foliage and flowers, the shimmering currents of the beautiful St. Joseph, the stately trees of primeval growth, glorying in strength and beauty, the massive structures, grand in those architectural combinations which surpass all conceptions of the renascent school, together with those surroundings with which art, with her wizard hand, has supplemented nature; all these, and more, make St. Mary's a point of unusual attraction to young and old, and especially endear the locality to the student and all devotees of the beautiful. It must be remembered that, though proximate in location, Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy are quite distinct in temporal administration. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have, independent and alone, in the United States thirty-six establishments, over which Mother Mary of St. Angela exercises provincial superiority and control. In all things properly subservient to ecclesiastical control and duly reverent to the Church and its properly constituted authority, the Academy, in a secular sense, has no direction outside its walls. St. Mary's is the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and under its benign and intelligent management, is worthy of the fullest confidence and support of the American people, without regard to the religious bias or predilection. While religion is regarded, and good morals enforced, the institution is purely and thoroughly educational in the highest sense of the term. The attendance is large, and constantly increasing, making needful those important additions and improvements which mark each year.—*Turner's Annual*.

#### Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. E. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. W. Bloom, C. W. Bennett, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Calligari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, F. M. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, M. T. Healey, A. Jones, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, T. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, W. B. McGorrisk, E. McGorrisk, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. Monahan, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, M. J. McIntyre, J. C. Newman, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, W. B. Ratterman, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, H. C. Simms, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. A. Thiele, E. J. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, W. T. Walsh, W. Young, E. Yrisari, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, J. Nash, D. Claffy, W. A. Woolly.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, D. G. Taylor, J. A. Frain, J. Moroney, E. A. Howard, D. O'Connor, T. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. McGrath, W. T. Berthlet, J. H. Dwenger, L. J. Young, C. Young, J. Ruppe, H. J. Ackerman, J. E. Chaves, W. Rea, D. McCawley, J. L. Rose, A. Bender, J. W. Kent, W. Miller, M. E. Devitt, C. Metz, A. J. Campau, P. Campau, C. Campau, R. Costello, B. Powell, G. Price.

## Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

H. Dunn, P. Hoffman, A. Mendel, A. Browne, A. Rohrback, W. E. Smith, J. Flynn, J. Courtney, C. Schneider, E. Cullinene, C. Brinkman, H. Rose, R. E. Fleming, M. G. Butler, J. M. Kelly, A. Jackson, F. Fischel, W. Barren, J. Devitt, H. Morse, D. Paul, L. Florman, M. McNulty, Jas. Solon, W. Browne, F. Garrity, B. F. Smith, E. Taggart, W. Schofield, L. Calligari, A. Pimyotahmah, M. Huddleston, M. Falvey, J. Larkin, G. Monahan, J. Kindle.

## List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—H. Devitt, F. Fischel, W. Barrow, C. Kolars, G. Kipper, M. McNulty, J. Farrell, J. Flynn; Grammar—J. Larkin, F. Fischel, A. Flynn, C. Schneider, G. De Haven, M. McNulty, H. Sells, W. Barrow, T. Hurley; Geography and History—C. Kolars, C. Perry; Arithmetic—P. Hoffman, J. Farrell, J. Kindle, J. Courtney; Penmanship—W. Kavanagh, H. Sells, G. Kipper, F. Krone; Latin—P. Joyce, T. Healy, E. Taggart, C. McDermott, W. Schofield, J. McIntyre; Greek—W. Cleary, N. Evans; Algebra—E. Taggart, T. Gallagher, E. Sugg.

## Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

**Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880.**  
TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND  
MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS  
FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

## GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex	No. 5, Limit Ex.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	12.05 A.M.	9.15 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	7.30 P.M.
Rochester,.....	1.15 "	10.10 "	2.55 "	.....
Alliance,.....	3.30 "	1.20 P.M.	5.35 "	10.25 P.M.
Orrville,.....	5.00 "	3.18 "	7.13 "	.....
Mansfield,.....	6.55 "	5.40 "	9.20 "	.....
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.25 "	6.15 "	9.45 "	1.40 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	6.35 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	1.45 A.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	8.18 "	11.28 "	.....
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.30 "	12.32 A.M.	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.15 P.M.	12.08 A.M.	2.40	5.35 "
Plymouth,.....	3.46 "	2.50 "	4.55 "	7.16 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	8.00 "	9.40 "

## GOING EAST.

	No. 8, Fast Line	No. 2, Morn. Ex.	No. 4, Atlan. Ex.	No. 6, N. Y. Ex.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.40 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	3.30 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.50 A.M.	11.53 "	9.25 "	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.35 P.M.	12.15 A.M.	8.35 P.M.
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.36 "	2.38 "	.....
Forest,.....	10.08 "	5.43 "	3.55 "	.....
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	7.10 "	5.30 "	12.35 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.30 P.M.	6.40 A.M.	12.40 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	8.03 "	7.20 "	1.15 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	2.04 A.M.	2.10 "	.....
Pittsburgh,.... ARRIV	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

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Leave. Arrive.

Ottawa & Streator Passenger.....	* 7:25 a.m.	* 7:30 p.m.
Nebraska and Kansas Express.....	* 9:30 a.m.	* 4:05 p.m.
Rockford and Freeport Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Pacific Fast Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Kansas and Colorado Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 8:25 a.m.	* 1:35 p.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 3:15 p.m.	* 7:55 a.m.
Mendota and Ottawa Express.....	* 4:35 p.m.	* 10:40 a.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 5:30 p.m.	* 8:55 a.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 6:15 p.m.	* 7:15 a.m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	* 9:30 p.m.	* 6:35 a.m.
Pacific Night Express for Omaha.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Texas Fast Express.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Kansas City and St Joe Express.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.

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## Michigan Central Railway

### Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	† Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - -	7 00 a. m	9 00 a. m	4 00 p. m	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p m
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p. m	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	† Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - -	7 00 a. m	9 35 a. m	5 55 p. m	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m	4 50 a. m	12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m	2 37 "	4 50 a. m	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

### Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend - 8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles -	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame - 8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame -	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles -	9 25 "	Ar. So. Bend -	7 45 " 4 55 "

\*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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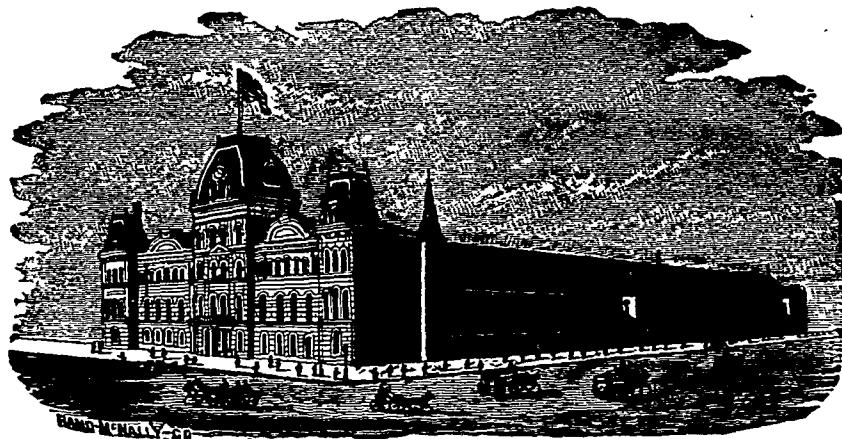
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## LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

### GOING EAST.

2.25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m. Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.

11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m. Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

### GOING WEST.

2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m., Chicago 6. a.m.

5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.

0.93 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.

4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

### WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2	4	6	8	20
	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	.....
Miller's....."	9 10 "	.....	.....	12 05 a.m.	.....
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	.....	.....	12 32 "	.....
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	.....
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "	.....	.....	.....
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	.....	9 20 "	2 35 "	.....
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	.....	.....	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	.....	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	.....	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	.....

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